

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Farewell my sonnes see that you make her luge,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seek my louely Moore,
And let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull defloure.

Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen? what subtile hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me,
Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Marti. Oh brother, with the dismalst obiekt,
That euer eye with sight made hart lament.

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere;
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother, *Exit*

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vn hollow and blood stained hole.

Quint. I am surpris'd with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quint. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh

of Titus Andronicus

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till
Was I a child, to feare I know n

Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies
All on a heape like to a slaught
In this detested darke blood dri

Quintus. If it be darke how d

Martius. Vpon his bloody fir
A precious ring, that lightens a
Which like a taper in some mon
Doth shine vpon the dead man
And shewes the ragged intrails:

Sopale did shine the Moone on
When he by night lay bath'd in
O brother helpe me with thy fai
If feare hath made thee faint, as
Out of this fell deuouring recep

As hate full as *Oculus* mistie mou
Quin. Reach me thy hand, tha

Or wanting strength to doe the
I may bepluckt into the swallow
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus*

I haue no strength to plucke thee

Martius. Nor I no strength to

Quin. Thy hand once more, I

Till thou art heere aloft, or I be

Thou canst not come to me, I e

Enter the Emperour, Aron

Satur. Along with me, Ile see

And what he is that now is leapt

Say, who art thou that lately did

Into this gaping hollow of the ea

Martius. The vn happy sonne

Brought hither in a most vn luck